Enter the Queene, and the Dutches of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my young Princes, ah my tender babes,
My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweets,
If yet your gentle soules flie in the aire,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your airie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentations.

Qu. Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right,
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night,

Qu. Wilt thou O God flie from such gentle lambes
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe when such a deed was done?

Qu, Mar. When holy *Mary* died, and my sweete sonne.

Dut. Blinde sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing Ghost,
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
Rest their vnrest on *Englands* lawfull earth,
Vnlawfull made drunke with innocents blood.

Qu. O that thou wouldst as well afford a grauc,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seat,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere:
O who hath any cause to mourne but I?

Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my voyce
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumbe,
Edward plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Qu, Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of signiorie,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If sorrow can admit society,
Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine:
I had an *Edward* till a *Richard* kild him.
I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill him.
Thou hadst an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.

Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, and thou holpst to kill him:

Qu, Mar. Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, till *Richard* kil
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,